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ATTACKING HIM IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.



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THE REASON WHY

BOBBY.—Papa, why do they always color the lemonade at a circus?

PAPA.—Why, they have to distinguish it in some way from ordinary water, my son!

A NEW SET.

ND, GREETING the vernal tints of Spring,
Crisply his sentiments are phrased.
Oh! why can't the lawn-mower be content
With the blisters the snow-shovel raised?



A CHRONIC HOWLER.

POPPINGTON.—We are having continuous performances at our house, right along now.

ASKINS.—How so?

POPPINGTON.—Oh! the baby gives imitations of the Populist party.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

"Why? Oh! Edhem Pasha," asked the Turkish officer, "why art thou sad in the hour of triumph?"

"Alas!" replied the victor of Milouna Pass; "it is not given to man, in this life, to be completely happy. I am informed that the United States Senate does not sympathize with me."

A GUESS.

"Here is a mysterious article about a leading Republican, not named, who is said to be actively working for Democratic success in 1900."
"I wonder if it means McKinley?"

WHAT HE FOUND.

"War," said the man who reads the papers, "is full of uncertainties and difficulties, and not the least of them are in the department of geographical orthography."

He had just been reading that fierce battles had occurred at Tyrnovo, Tirnova, and Turnova; also at Melouna Pass, Milouna Pass, Melouni Pass or Maloney Pass, as the case may be.

THE BEST OF REASONS.

"What does he paint pictures for, if he is no artist?"
"Because he can sell them."



GETTING POLISH.

"I tell you," said the philosophic person, "it takes a smooth person to get on top, nowadays!"

"Yes," said the quiet man; "and a man's usually smooth on top before he gets there."

GAIN.

"Stay!" cried Pocahontas, springing forward just as the fatal club was about to descend.

She whispered a few hurried words into the ear of Powhatan, her father.

"Certainly not," the kingly chief answered, not without a suggestion of pique in his manner. "If the kinetoscope won't work, why, there's nothing to be gained by killing the pale-faced brother."

A TOO-SUDDEN RESPONSE.

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CHOLLY.—I wondah where that dog is? Here, Rock! Here, Rock!



THE ST. BERNARD (jumping up with alacrity).—Here I am!

THE TURKS and the Greeks would greatly oblige the interested public if they would refrain from fighting at places which are not on the map.



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MEAN, HATEFUL THING.

FLORENCE.—From the way Arthur behaved when he called last night, Belle, I feel sure he is in love!
BELLE.—Dear me! Is that so? Who can it be?

MARY'S DISSIPATION.



WHILE WE were at breakfast a letter came for Miss Mary Ann Maloy, she being our hired girl. Shortly she burst into the dining-room with shining eyes.

"O Mum!" she exclaimed; "my gr-reat-uncle's dead — bless 'im — an' left me a fortune!"

We congratulated her on the happy event.

As I was on the point of starting downtown, the sound of many crashings came from the kitchen. My wife hastened there. Our Hibernian Hebe was tossing dishes — two at a time — into the air, most of them falling to the floor. My wife sank into a chair, too horrified to speak.

"O Mum! niver moind, niver moind!" ejaculated the hilarious Mary. "Oi'll pay double for all Oi break; but Oi want t' cilibrate me good fo-ortune by havin' one rale good toime before lavin' service."

THE GENTLER SEX.

She plays at cards throughout her life,
With "cribbage" first she starts;
From "seven-up" to "sixty-six"
She spends her time at "hearts";
Then, if no Jack she's haply turned,
An "old maid" she departs.

DON'T GET the notion that you are the greatest person in creation. There are plenty of other people who are just as small as you are.

IT USUALLY takes a married man at least six months to get out of the habit of calling his first baby "it."

LISTENERS CAN hear good of themselves by attending political meetings.

MANY A MAN has overtaken Success only to find it traveling hand in hand with Disappointment.



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A RURAL OBSERVER.

SALLY.—How I'd like to be one of them great actresses or singers!
HER MOTHER.—Oh! I dunno. It must be an unhealthy business.

SALLY.—Why, Ma?

HER MOTHER.—Don't you allus see their names in the papers tellin' how they've been takin' patent medicines an' tonics an' sech?

THE SAD CASE OF DEACON PERKINS.



Azariah Perkins, of West Hartford, Connecticut.

Far from deplored the spread of the dialect story, he reveled in it, reading all the tales that he could get hold of in magazines or circulating library. But his was not a healthy, Catholic taste; he had eyes and ears for one dialect alone — the Negro. For him Ian Maclaren and Barrie spread their most tempting Scotch jawbreakers in vain; he had no desire for them. After fifteen years of Negro dialect in every form in which Southern and Northern writers can serve it, any specialist in nervous disorders could have told the Deacon that he was liable to have "Negromania," but West Hartford does not employ specialists and so the stroke came unheralded, with all the suddenness of apoplexy.

Deacon Perkins has always been able to think standing; indeed, he has been called the Chauncey Depew of West Hartford, and no revival meeting or strawberry festival or canned clam-bake was considered a success unless the Deacon's ready tongue took part in the exercises.

Last Sunday they had a children's festival in the Congregational Church, and after the children had made an end of reciting and singing, the Deacon was called upon for a few remarks. He is a favorite with young and old and a man of great purity and simplicity of character. He arose with alacrity and walked down the aisle with the lumbering gait peculiar to New Englanders who have struggled with rocky farms the best part of their lives. He ascended the platform steps, inclined his head to the audience and spoke as follows:

"Mah deah li'l' chillun! Yo' kahnd-sup'in-ent has ast me to mek a few remahks." [Subdued titters on the part of the scholars.] "Ah don' s'pose you all 'll b'lieve me w'en Ah say dat Ah too was once a li'l' piccanniny same as yo', but Ah was an' Ah 'membah how mah ol' mammy use teh tek me to Sun'y-school." [Consternation on the part of the Superintendent and teachers.]

"Now ef you all wan' to go to Heb'n w'en yo die be ci'cumspes-tious 'bout de obsarvence ob de eighth c'mman'ment. Hit ain't so awful wicked ter steal — dat ain't hit but hit's jes' natchly tryin' to a man's self-respec' ter git cotched. Don' steal jis' fer deviltry, but ef yo' is 'bleeged ter steal, study de wedder re-pohts, ac' accordin' an' — don' git foun' out, — or in, eiver."

During the delivery of this remarkable speech, the Deacon's face wore his habitual expression; a kindly light shone in his eye, a smile of ineffable sweetness played about his lips and he evidently imagined that he was begging them to turn from their evil ways and seek the narrow path.

But at this juncture, Dr. Pulcer of New York, the eminent neurologist who happened to be spending Sunday in West Hartford, whispered to the Superintendent, and on receiving an affirmative nod to his interrogation, went up to the platform. He held out his hand to Deacon

Perkins, who was making a rhetorical pause, and said kindly, "Good morning, Uncle."

"Mornin', sah," said the Deacon, bowing awkwardly and scratching his head.

"Can you direct me to a good melon patch?" Deacon Perkins gave vent to an unctuous Negro chuckle. Then,



holding up his forefinger to enjoin caution, he tip-toed off the platform closely followed by the Doctor — and before nightfall he was on his way to a private hospital for nervous diseases where rest and a total abstention from Negro dialect stories is expected to restore him to his usual sane condition of mind in a short time.

Charles Battell Loomis.

HIS ADVICE.

WIFE.— Dear, the doctor says it is necessary for me to take a trip across the water. What do you think I would better do?

HUSBAND.— Get another doctor.

HIS IDEA.

THE MAJOR.— No, sah! I don't believe you ever tasted such wine as this!

THE YOUNG CURATE.— Is it — er — something new?

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

"I suppose if a man held a royal flush in a poker game he would make a big winning?"

"He might not win anything. He might die of heart disease."

TIME WASTED.

I kissed her first. Then for one more Persistently I plead, Until at last the maiden spoke: "You talk too much!" she said.

SECOND NATURE.

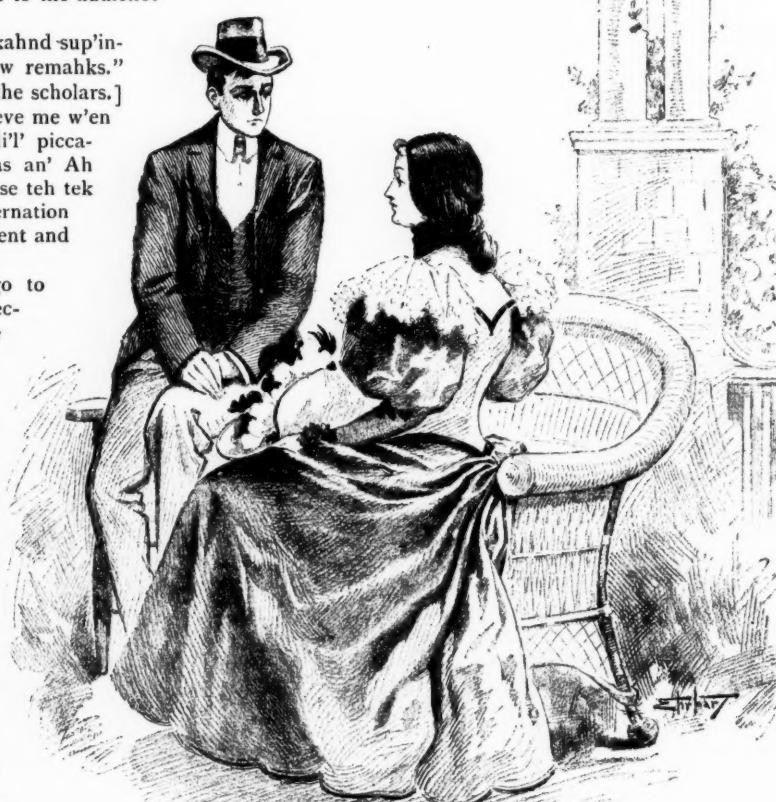
KNICKER.— Miss Elderlee carries her years well, does n't she?

BOCKER.— I don't know; she drops some pretty often.

A CYNICAL DIG.

"George, is n't this a love of a bonnet?"

"I suppose so; — it does n't look as if it would last longer than six weeks."



A THEORY.

SHE.— I wonder why in the world Mr. Jones left church before the end of the service?

HE.— Don't know. Perhaps Jones is a somnambulist!

A RECIPE FOR LOVERS.

THE VAGUEST dash of honey,
Two rose leaves, deepest red,
The breath of woodland violets
That on the dews were fed;

A little bit of pouting,
Then o'er the fires of bliss
You put this dainty mixture,
And, lo! you have a kiss!

Harold MacGrath.

HIS ACHIEVEMENTS.

"WHO IS that shabby man, with a pale, thoughtful face, who just passed by?" inquired the baking-powder drummer.

"That is Anson Tiddicum," replied the Squam Corners merchant. "We call him 'the village Edison.' He is the most ingenious chap you ever saw—always inventing something. Beatingest fellow for thinking up new things! I remember once when he invented a contrivance of different colored wooden balls and little brass tags strung on wires in a frame, which he called a mechanical mathematician. It was designed to do the adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, and I don't know but the reciting, too, for the smallest scholar in school—in fact, it was calculated by its maker to do almost everything but play 'hokey.' It was a fine idea, and I guess it would have revolutionized the whole system of mathematics if it had n't been for one thing. Nobody was ever able to work it but Anson, and he was seldom sure whether it was working right or wrong till he had proved its results with slate and pencil. But it looked as if it ought to have been a great success, and nobody could tell why it was n't—only it was n't."

"Another time, he invented a clock which he declared would run forty days without winding; but it would n't run at all when it was wound, which considerably impaired its usefulness as a timepiece. He also constructed an incubator, which patiently sat on three hundred and seventeen eggs for three weeks and began to cluck quite naturally, thanks to a clock-works' attachment, two days before it brought forth one moist and sticky chicken, the sole product of the three hundred and seventeen eggs. That one poor little wretch rolled out of his shell when the machine was opened, waved his legs in the air twice in a feeble farewell, gasped, and left the incubator a childless and useless widow.

"Since then,

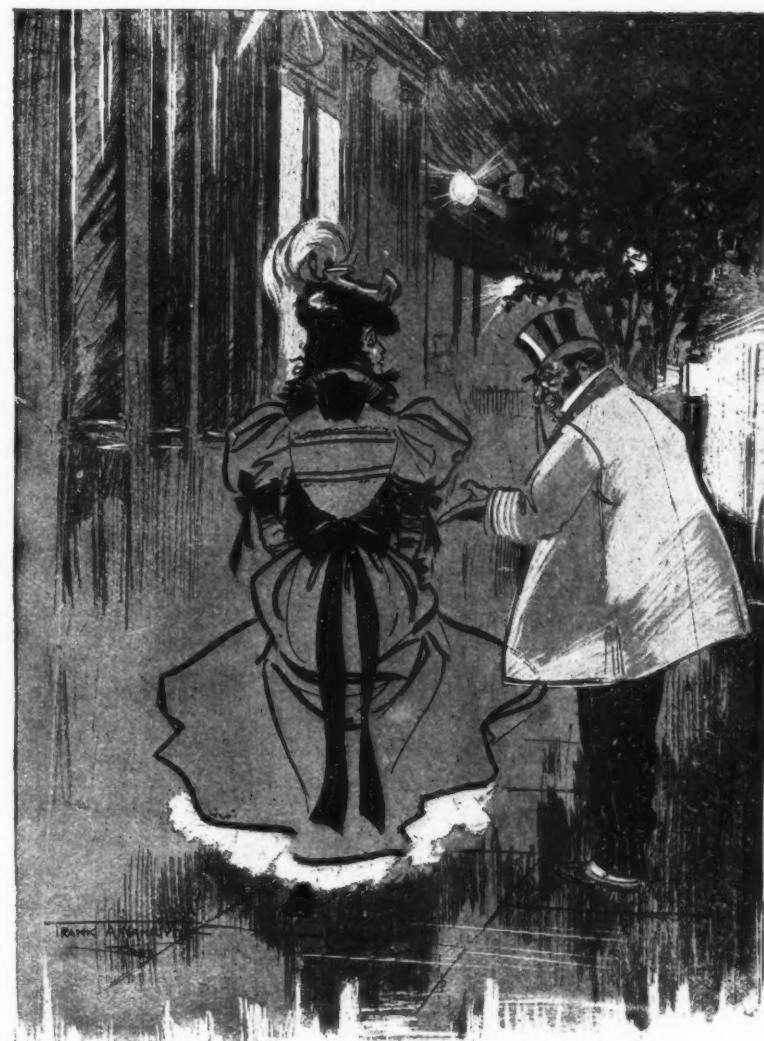


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THE REASON FOR IT.

MRS. HENRY PECK.—I read here that a lot of the married men of the town are going to start a "Married Men's Club." I don't see what married men want a club for!

MR. HENRY PECK.—"Misery loves company," you know!



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A DIFFERENT ENDING.

MRS. ROSENBAUM (*on the way home from the theatre*).—Vos n't dot blay grandt, Levi? Dot prave fireman vot safes dot maiden, marriet her, und dot villain geds pud in der benitentiary!

MR. ROSENBAUM.—I vould haf send dot fireman dere, eef I hat wridden dot blay!

Anson has constructed a good many other things equally as ingenious and equally as faulty, but I guess he has struck it about right at last, for he was telling me yesterday that he has invented a sure and infallible cure for baldness, which will also remove superfluous hair at one application, and is a first-class dentifrice, in-to the bargain."

Tom P. Morgan.

MORE OPPRESSION.

"What is leisure, Popper?"

"Leisure? Well, it is any old idle five minutes I get while your dear mother is hunting up something else for me to do."

IT SEEMED TO BE.

HOJACK.—Was it muscular rheumatism you had?

TOMDIK.—Yes; very. It threw me on my back and kept me from getting up for a month.

A SAVING DISPOSITION.

"Your neighbor, to the eastward, is a very close calculator, to say the least," remarked the suave purveyor of patent washing-machines.

"Wal, yes," replied Farmer Hornbeak. "It's safe to call Neighbor Flint a leetle mite close. He's the kind of a man that, when he goes travelin' on the cars, always takes the slowest train, so that he can git the most ride for his money."



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"PLAIN SAILING."

POETS ARE born, not paid.

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SUFFICIENT.

WIFE.—James, will you give me some money to go shopping to-day?
HUSBAND.—Yes; here is ten cents for your car fare. What is the matter? Is n't that enough?

WIFE.—Why, certainly not! You know well enough that I need about twenty-five cents more for luncheon!

TOO NUMEROUS.

THE OSSIFIED MAN.—Say, that was a terrible time we had the other night with the two-headed wonder!

THE ZULU CHIEFTAIN.—How so?

THE OSSIFIED MAN.—He got full, and each head saw two of the other.



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USEFUL INFORMATION.

MR. J. LITTLENECK DOODLEY.—I say, ye know, it's not necessary to knock a fellow down that way, is it?

PROF. MCGROO.—No; just stand up ag'in, an' I'll show you another way!

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THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

DICK WESTERN.—What hogs we raise out in Dakota! You never saw such. They're such great big, long-bodied fellows that we have to sell or butcher them all in November.

AL LEGANY.—What's their long bodies got to do with getting rid of them in November?

"Why, confound it, the days get so short that there is n't room for them to turn around."

MISFORTUNE.

Quoth Cynicus — I've never met Dame Fortune;
Strange I've always missed her!
For I am well acquainted with
Her husband's sour-faced maiden sister.

WAS FOND OF A DRINK, HIMSELF.

MUNNYSACKS (*sternly*).—James, after this, please uncork all of the bottles in my presence. I notice that when you draw the corks in the pantry, the wine is extremely décolleté!

JAMES (*the butler*).—Extremely décolleté, sir?

MUNNYSACKS.—Yes, James; very low in the neck.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

MISS THIRTYSMITH (*severely*).—A man should never call on a girl after drinking.

JACK SWIFT (*cheerfully*).—That's a fact! Many a man has become engaged in just that way!



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A GOOD THING.

PARSON JOHNSON (*meeting DEACON JACKSON unexpectedly at 11 P. M.*).—Oh! Brudder Jackson—Brudder Jackson!—whar did yo' gait dem chickens?

DEACON JACKSON.—I will not deceibe yo', Pahson,—I stole dem!

PARSON JOHNSON.—Ob cou'se I know yo' stole dem, Brudder Jackson—but *whar* did yo' stole dem?—ain't yo' willing to put yo' poo' ole Pahson on?

THE DISAGREEABLE PART.

BLACK.—Very disagreeable day, is n't it?

WHITE.—Yes;—everybody you meet remarks about the weather.

MACK.—What is your idea of a perfect woman?

WYLD.—One who acknowledges her faults.

WEATHER-BEATEN.—The Signal Service Forecasts.

"I HEAR YOUNG Nollekins has gone into the sculpterin' business."
"Yes; but he don't cut much of a figger."



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SPOILSMEN AGAIN. THE COMMON or mongrel politician rarely feels the great press of public opinion back of our Civil Service laws. As a rule he considers Civil Service Reform a political trick devised by one party to disable the other, and to be wiped off the books when it has served its end. He has no notion that it was brought about in answer to repeated and emphatic demands of the people; that its extensions have been loudly and earnestly applauded by the people; and that any serious attempt to overthrow it would promptly wreck the party making it. The higher grade of politician understands how sensitive the people have grown upon this point, and so open assaults upon the system are now seldom made. There will always be underhand efforts to take the starch out of the Civil Service Reform laws — efforts such as Governor Black of New York has lately made — for politicians never can seem to learn that it does n't pay in the long run to be tricky. But the man who makes a frank and unabashed attack upon the principle itself becomes merely a laughing stock. Congressman Grosvenor, pleading that the victors have a right to the spoils, has not been taken seriously, except by a few frantic office-seekers. His theory is as much out of place to-day as an '87-model bicycle would be. But it has a value in the way of instruction, for it shows us how much Civil Service Reform has taught us. Instead of filling our offices right and left with incompetents, men who, in seven cases out of ten, have made failures of their lives, we have simply determined to see that our public servants are able to perform the work for which we hire them. And there is so much good sense about the system that it need fear no assaults from place hunters and six-penny Congressmen.

LIQUOR-LAW HUMBUG. AFTER ALL the fuss and splutter about Sunday liquor selling in New York it is well to point out that no political party has ever yet dared to face the issue squarely. We have had laws ostensibly forbidding the sale of liquor on Sunday, but the most stringent have had holes in them big enough to drive a brewery wagon through. The amended Raines Law seems to be this: a hotel-keeper may become a saloon-keeper on the Sabbath, but if a saloon-keeper becomes a hotel-keeper on the Sabbath he shall be sent to jail. The difference between saloon-keepers who sell liquor and hotel-keepers who sell liquor has been found by the gifted Raines to be all a matter of partitions. If a man buys a glass of beer on Sunday in a room whose walls are three inches thick, the law holds him to be a decent, orderly citizen; but if the walls be only two and three-quarter inches thick he is a besotted Sabbath-breaker. Thus jauntily does rural New York define a subtlety that might have puzzled the sagest logicians. And how gratifying it would be if this community would only live up to the Raines standard! Yet experience warns that we shall soon grow wickedly callous to the spiritual beauties of a three-inch partition. Many a bright young man will start out with a high resolve to drink in no Raines Law hotel until he has measured the walls and found them to be of the right thickness. But a day will come when, flushed with thirst, he will toss off a schooner of beer in a room whose walls are only two and seven-eighth inches thick. He will try to laugh it off, of course, and say that "just this once does n't matter," but we all know that he will end by drinking in rooms whose walls are barely two inches thick; and perhaps — who knows? — he will sink so low as to take a drink without ever once thinking of walls or partitions or anything. Such is the debasing effect of drink. All honor to those staunch, good men who shall take no drink upon the Sabbath until they have proved by their own tape-measure that they are amid walls of decent thickness! And all honor to Raines for his intellectual triumph! But, of course, it matters very little to the citizens of New York what their liquor law is, so long as it does not interfere with their Sunday drinking; and the politicians take precious good care that it does n't.

A CLERICAL CLASHING. WE ARE pained to observe that several of our eminent clergymen have "jumped on" the Rev. Mr. Moody, so to speak, because of his intention to hold a series of Summer revival meetings in Carnegie Hall. The Rev. Dr. McArthur and the Rev. Mr. Peters are especially severe upon him.

They assert, without any trimming of words, that Mr. Moody is in the business to make money, and they are highly indignant that he should come into their own neighborhood and lure away their own steady customers. The Rev. Mr. Peters goes so far as to accuse Mr. Moody of shoddy work, alleging his belief that Mr. Moody's converts don't stay converted very long. We can not assume to pass upon so nice a question of clerical ethics, but a point made by these protesting divines seems to invite a word of comment. They blame Mr. Moody for selecting a wealthy neighborhood, and one which they say is already overcrowded with churches, rather than a poorer neighborhood where churches are scarce. "Below Fourteenth Street," says the Rev. Mr. Peters, "there is a population of 700,000, and there are whole sections down there where there is not a single church. The religious forces down there are nowhere near so large as they were twenty years ago; for since then 200,000 people have moved in and twenty-one churches have moved out. Why, then, knowing this, does not Mr. Moody go where he is needed?" We should like to ask the Rev. Mr. Peters and the other preachers in this congested section, why *they* do not go down where they are needed? Is it following the teachings of Christ to ask Mr. Moody, in the tone of an offended haberdasher, why *he* does n't go down where the pay is poorer and the need greater?

THEIR INDORSEMENT.

"I heered a drummer, up at the sto', yesterday," remarked Mr. Tut Pegram, a prominent native of Arkansaw, "tellin' the clerk that the papers is havin' right smart to say about Congressman Bailey's refusin' to wear a dress-coat up that in Washington. It 'pears that a heap uv people are holdin' that Bailey is right, an' a heap mo' uv 'em is contendin' that he is dead-wrong. What do yo' think about it?"

"Wal, — er — h'm!" cautiously replied Mr. Lase Sogback, an' equally prominent native. "Whur is this yere Bailey frum?"

"He 's the Congressman frum Texas, I understand."

"So? Wal, then, he 's a Democrat, uv cou'se; — why, shore thing, he 's right in refusin' to wear it!"

"That 's what I think about it, too! He 's right in showin' them ding-blasted Nawthern dudes that they can't boss him around, an' — But, say! what in thunder is a dress-coat, anyhow?"

"Durned if I know! But Bailey is right, all the same!"

"Yo' bet he is!"



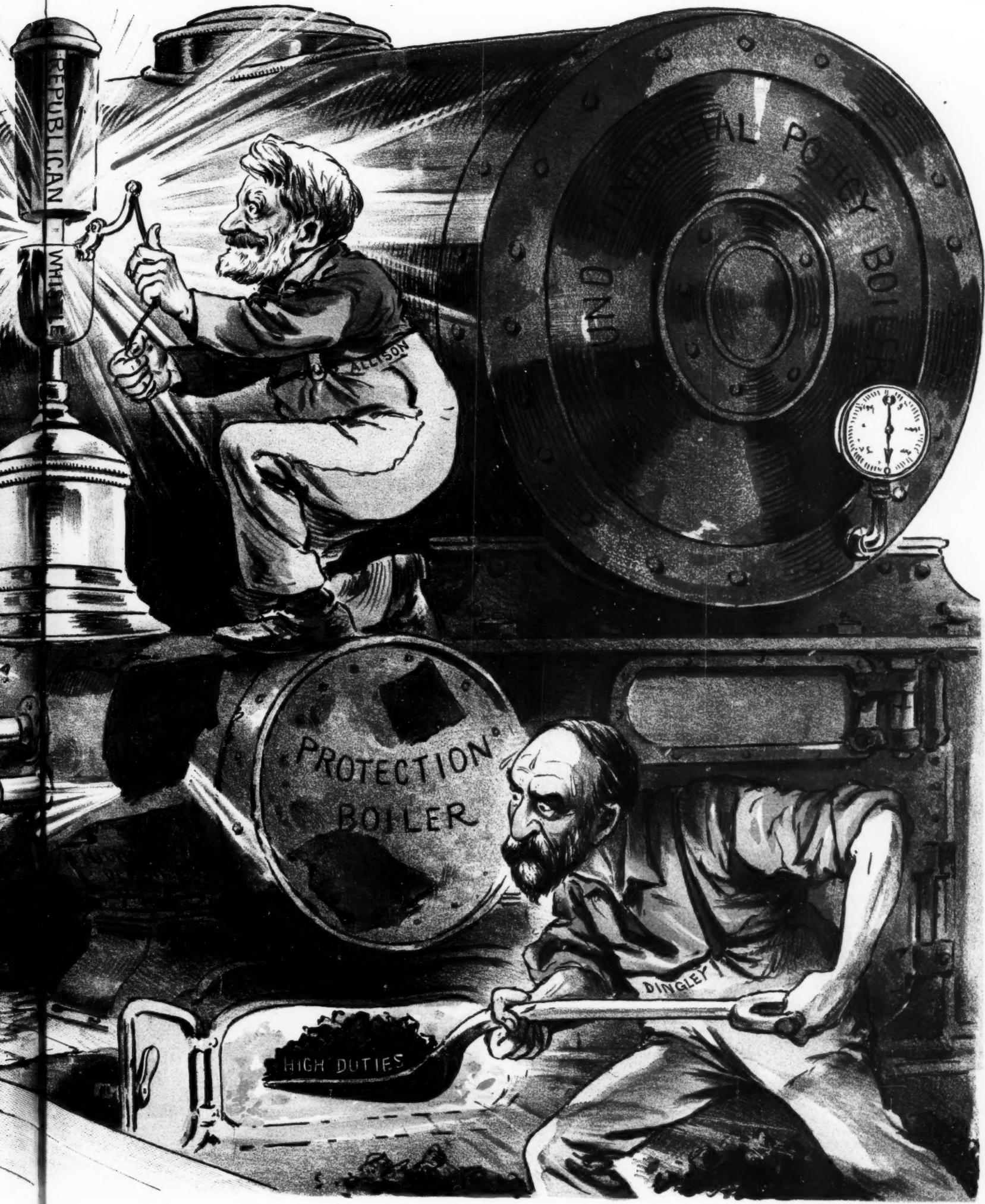
WHAT IT REQUIRES.

SHOCKITT.—Does learning the bicycle require any particular application?

SPROCKETT.—No; none in particular. But arnica is about as good as anything.



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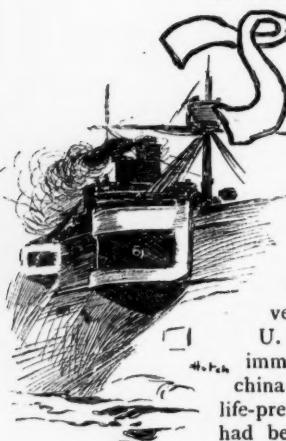


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THE WRONG BOILER.

IN THE INTERESTS OF PEACE.

A SKETCH OF THE NAVAL FUTURE.



THE AMERICAN EAGLE had been screaming long and discordantly over the mangled remains of the Arbitration Treaty. England had borne it quietly as long as possible, but had finally come to the conclusion that permanent peace was not to be expected until this country had been led by force of arms, into a more pacific frame of mind, and she had, accordingly, undertaken the contract. War had been duly declared and a British squadron sent over to arbitrate the matter.

One of the most formidable of these English vessels, the "Bloody Terrier," had encountered the U. S. Cruiser "Nevada" and a dreadful conflict was imminent. On the "Nevada," the captain's best china had been sent below, the men had all donned life-preservers, and the vessel's magnificent armor plates had been carefully protected by blankets hung over the sides.

It was, however, rather late when all these preparations were completed, and, by mutual agreement, hostilities had been deferred until the morrow. In the meantime, Sir John Highjohn of the "Bloody Terrier," was, by special invitation, dining with Captain Jones, of the "Nevada." This was unquestionably irregular, but was philosophical and courteous, and after a very successful preliminary skirmish, the two commanders had reached the governmental champagne, which was, with other matters of importance, being discussed with grave seriousness.

"Sir John," said Captain Jones, "the 'Nevada' is a very fine vessel."

"Yes?" said Sir John, taking a glass of wine.

"Yes," said Captain Jones; "she is the finest vessel in the American navy and has a number of improvements that were probably never heard of in England. Why, sir, her armor-plates are of bi-chloridized steel and will not rust in the saltiest of water, and the pneumatic rollers on her bottom enable us to run over a sunken rock or reef in the most agreeable manner, while the outside of the vessel is so protected by spring buffers, that we can ram a dry-dock or any other dangerous obstruction, head-on with any part of the vessel, with the most perfect safety."

"You don't say so?" said Sir John, admiringly, as he took another glass of wine.

"Yes, sir," continued Captain Jones; "and we have the prettiest guns in the navy, and the best champagne in the United States, and as long as the weather is fine, there is n't a more seaworthy vessel in the whole world, than the 'Nevada.'"

"Is that so?" said Sir John, with increasing admiration and more wine.

"Yes," said Captain Jones; "but what bothers me is this: if I shoot off those guns of mine, they will not only get disgustingly dirty and make the devil of a noise, but I'm afraid the concussion will crack my armor plates and, possibly, even sink the ship."

"Well, yes," said Sir John, doubtfully, as he took more wine; "but how the deuce do you propose to fight without shooting off your guns?"

"Well, you see it's this way," said Captain Jones. "If we do go to shooting off our guns, we may hit something and make a terrible mess; but, barring accidents, we still have the great danger to our vessels from the discharge of their own guns. Now, inevitably, one vessel or the other must be captured, and if we could arrange the matter in some way, so that instead of a mere shattered hulk, the losing vessel were surrendered in its present magnificent condition of effectiveness, the loser would lose no more while the gain to the victor would be tenfold greater."

"By George! that's a fact," said Sir John; "but how do you propose to manage it?"

"Why," said Captain Jones, "it is all a matter of principle. It is our duty to have a fight and we must have one, but instead of involving our boats and endangering property and the nerves of our men, why not reduce the risks to a minimum and settle the matter just as effectively and far more agreeably by an individual encounter. Of course," hastened Captain Jones, as Sir John gave unsteady indications of angrily rising, "you and I could not personally descend to anything of that kind, but I have a splendid place on my gun deck for an arena, and some fellows up front who are pretty handy with their fists. Now, suppose you select the best fighter from your crew, I will do the same from mine, and to-morrow we will have the bout come off, and whichever side loses shall give up its ship."

"Very well," said Sir John, a little uncertainly, as he rose to go; "it shall be as you say. I shall be over with my crew at 10 o'clock in the morning, and it is understood that if you lose your ship, the champagne goes with it."

"Certainly," said Captain Jones; "everything." And then as Sir John's boat passed out of hearing, he called to the officer of the watch:

"Mr. Wilson, to-morrow we are going to show Sir John some striking points in our equipment, not previously mentioned, and at the same time hammer into the British cranium an idea as to why this vessel is called the 'Nevada.' Step below, yourself, sir, and tell Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, with my compliments, that a fight without gloves has been arranged for to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, and at that time, America expects him to earn his salary."

The next morning at 10 sharp, the gallant crew of the "Bloody Terrier," with triumphant anticipations, swarmed over the "Nevada's" sides; at 10:05 the fight was called; at 10:10 the British champion modestly withdrew in an insensible condition, and at 10:20, on the English vessel, the Chaplain was laboring to convince the champion that he had not been struck by lightning, the Doctor was treating Sir

John Highjohn for an aggravated case of convulsions, while the "Nevada" quietly set sail with her magnificent trophy, the "Bloody Terrier," for the harbor of New York.

"And yet," said Captain Jones, reflectively, as he looked across the water at his splendid prize; "some of these fool land pirates say the American Navy is not effective."

Hugh R. Conyngham.



IN BROOKLYN.

MR. PROSPECT HITES.—Have you seen those noiseless baby-carriages yet?
MR. GREENWOOD GRAVES.—No! What I want is a noiseless baby.



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RELIEVING HIS MIND.

COLONEL HIGHSON (*in reply to questions*).—N-No, I don't get paid very much, and the hours is terrible long.

REUBEN LONGLEGS.—Oh! yer need n't ter worry! I jist axed out o' curiosity. I ain't lookin' fer yer job.

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WHEN WE reflect that the lightning had no animosity whatever against Ajax, it would seem that his action in the matter of that famous defiance was one of the safest bluffs on record.

IT IS a pity that we can not put a retroactive clause in our good resolutions and make them take effect from the time when we began to go wrong.

SOME PEOPLE exhibit their ingenuity in their method of making fools of themselves.

IN THE millennium you will be able to press a button and discover your missing collar-button.

BORROWING IS the poorest method of making both ends meet.

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A BALLADE OF THE
CONTEMPORANEOUS DRAMA.


HOUGH BADLY involved
be the plot,
The action deplorably
slow,
The sentiment im-
becile rot,
Your Public will crowd
to the "show"
And make it the
veriest "go,"

If the star exploits gowns and a hat
Designed by some Frenchman & Co.
The Costume Play's where we are at!

A man may O'Connor a lot
Through a piece whose sanguineous flow
In Bowery parlance is "hot"
And shock the least captious, but so
He wear plumes in his jaunty *chapeau*,
A sword at his side, and all that,
His row is dead easy to hoe.
The Costume Play's where we are at!

The Play with a Purpose is not
The power it was, and I trow
We've each mother's son clean forgot
The Problems discussed con and pro.
(Mostly con!) We're at present aglow
With frippery worship. (It's flat
The playwrights are out for the
"dough"—
The Costume Play's what they are at!)

L'ENVOI.

Addressed to conscientious but unsuccessful
aspirants for dramatic honors.
It's needless to have, you should know,
Your lines down so terribly pat:
More care on your dressing bestow!—
The Costume Play's where we are at!
Edward W. Barnard.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE SULTAN.—And if these demands of the Bulgarians are refused?

THE GRAND VEZIER.—In that case, Your Majesty, they may decide to go on a sympathetic strike.

A LEAF FROM THE SAME BOOK.

"I believe the liquor dealers would prefer to have free lunch prohibited by law."

"Of course they would. And I hear that the druggists are quietly organizing to secure the enactment of a law forbidding the sale of postage stamps in drug stores."

AN ALLURING PROSPECT.

HE.—Some people think the cities ought to supply gas just as many of them now supply water.

SHE.—Oh! Then, instead of paying gas bills we'd be drawing dividends, would n't we?

LOST ITS FORCE.

"Ultimatum is a Latin word, is n't it?"

"Yes. It used to mean business, but it does n't now."



NOT SO CHEAP.

I felt very cheap when I fell off my wheel.
But my wounds were rather extensive,
And when I had paid to the doctor his bill,
I found I was very expensive.

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Venus
the symbol of Beauty
and perfection was
born, according to
Mythology, from
the foam of
the Ocean.

From
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP,
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healing, comfort,
luxury & virtues
innumerable.

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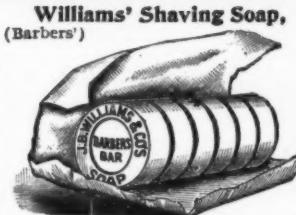
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Flavor.

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Hotels. Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt
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IT is mighty hard to hunt up the old
clothes you threw aside when you were
prosperous. — Washington Democrat.

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Constable & Co.
MEN'S
FURNISHINGS.

Dress Shirts, Night Shirts,
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GLOVES.
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have created a new standard in cycle construction, so simple, beautiful and easy running are they. \$100. Tandems, \$150.
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Worcester Cycle Mfg. Co., 17 Murray St., New York.

WHEN a man joins church, there are always plenty who say he only did it for business.—*Washington Democrat*.

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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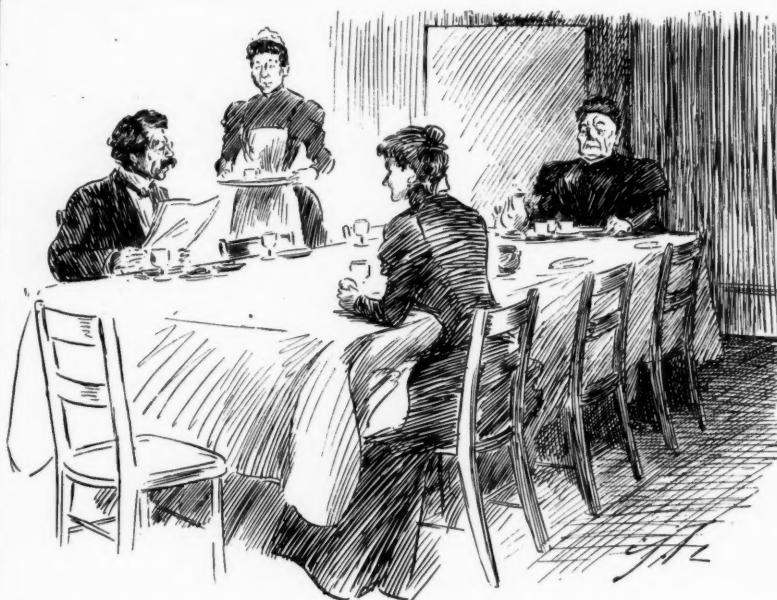
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NITTERLEY (ex-commuter).—To get even. It's been shaking me for the past three years out at East Malaria!

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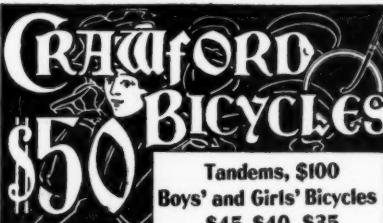


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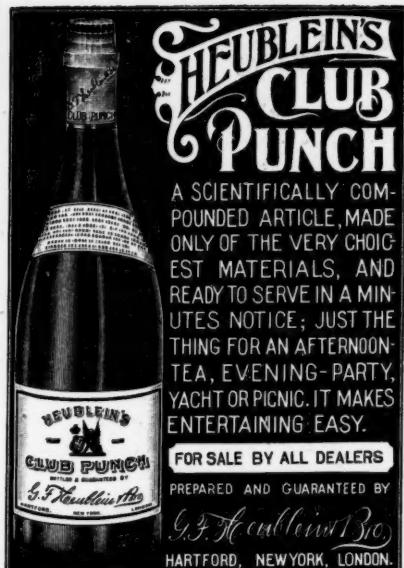
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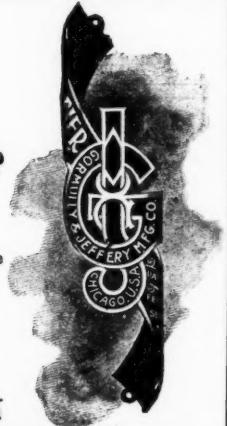
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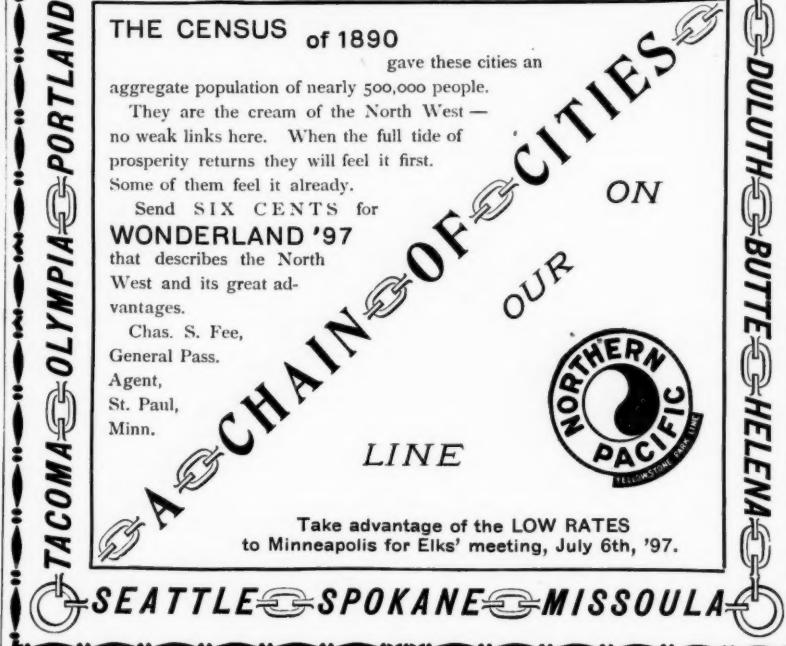
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INDIGESTION,
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Troubles relieved
and cured in short
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STANDARD OF THE WORLD. \$100. TO ALL ALIKE

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Nearly

"All Reflector"

GIVES IMMENSE LIGHT

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Gossamer Hood with each lamp. From dealers, or express paid on receipt of price.

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The secret's all in the rattan base. It's firm — but elastic. Price, express paid, \$3.50.

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SWEET GIRL (repentantly). — I — I didn't know she was in the house. — N. Y. Weekly.

"HELLO! there's Wuggins with both of his eyes shut up. Wonder where he got such a drubbing?"

"From what I know of Wuggins I should say it was the result of too many eye-openers." — Wash. Capital.



AN IMPROVEMENT.

"Do you like your new girl as well as the last one you had, Mrs. Mildy?"

"Much better. This one is content with a week's notice when I am going to have company." — Detroit Free Press.

"YES," said the mean appearing boss; "I am in politics for my health and the good of the country."

"But you seem to be pretty well fixed, all the same."

"That's true. My health requires money." — Washington Capital.

BEST OF CARE

Should always be taken of your stomach; it has so much work to do that it needs constant aid.

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract

Aids Digestion, Makes Flesh and Blood.

What King Christian, of Denmark, writes:

"I have noticed the beneficial action of JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT on myself, as well as on others of my household, and am pleased to acknowledge this."

Use only the genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT. All others are worthless imitations.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York

WE MAKE COLLARS
25¢
3 $\frac{1}{8}$ INCHES HIGH
FIVE FOLD
APEX

\$2.98 FREE!
For the next 60 Days.
to introduce our
GARFIELD PEPSIN GUM
We will send one of these handsome
14k gold-plated steel watches
fitted with richly jeweled
mov't, equal in appearance to any
\$80 solid gold watch, & a large size
\$1 box Garfield Pepin Gum. You
examine at express office, if satisfied
pay agent \$2.98 & charges & gum &
watch are yours. You get gum free &
a magnificent watch which you can sell
for \$15. Ladies watch & gum \$3.65 state
which you want. When they are gone we can furnish no
more. On account of McKinley tariff, watch travel by ad-
vanced wholesale price watches alone to \$12 each. Cut this
out, send to us with name & nearest express office to-day.
GARFIELD GUM CO., MEADVILLE, PA.

HOW WE ALL HATE TO SEE A MAN SUCCEED WHO WON'T WORK! — Washington Democrat.

WE MAKE COLLARS
25¢
3 $\frac{1}{8}$ INCHES HIGH
FIVE FOLD
WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO.
APEX

WEAR THEM!
HIGHEST POSSIBLE
GRADE

Sample pair
Mail Silks & Cotton
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MORE OLD maids are made by pimples than by any-
thing else. JOHN H. WOODBURY is
Cupid's agent. He cures pimples at 127 W. 43d St.,
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The Improved Boston Garter
Easy and Secure. Extra Super Webs. Finest Nickel Trimmings.

The Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON — CLASP — Lies flat to the leg. Cannot Unfasten Accidentally.

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PAPER WAREHOUSE.
81, 83, 85 & 87 East Houston St., Puck Building, NEW YORK.
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All kinds of Paper made to order.



A. D. T. No. 497.—Cheese it! Here comes de cop! Grab yer box an' git it! Here comes de cop! Grab

comics out o' me an' all them other things.

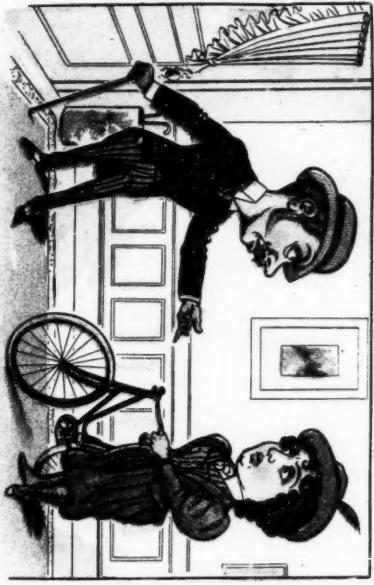


STRICTMAN (*to his office-boy*)—Take this package right up to my house and give it to Mrs. Strictman. Tell her I will meet her on the Boulevard this afternoon.



MISS SHAPLEIGH.—Please send this package to my room at once. Here is my address. I want it before noon.

STRICTMAN (*angrily*)—Now, look here, Mary! I am going to put my foot down on this bloomer business. I don't like to see my wife in such a rig as that. I'll buy you a suit to-day and send it home. A suit that I think is more befitting a lady.



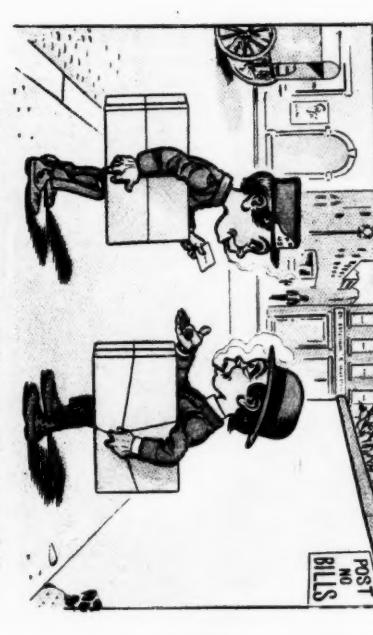
STRICTMAN.—I want to get a lady's bicycle suit;—something extremely modest. Yes, I guess that is about it. The skirt will reach below her shoe tops. Just wrap it up and I will take it with me.



MISS SHAPLEIGH (*the actress, angrily*)—You say my costume for two days? Why did n't you send it home as promised? I'll take it with me now, to be sure I get it. I want to use it at the matinee this afternoon.



STRICTMAN'S OFFICE.—Hello, 497! Where yer goin'?
A. D. T. No. 497.—Ter take dis box up ter dis address wot is on dis card. Where you goin'?
STRICTMAN'S OFFICE-BOY.—Takin' dis box up ter de old man's house. Let's have a game o' craps again de fence.
A. D. T. No. 497.—Sure, Mike! We'll lay our boxes up



STRICTMAN (*taking his wife home is a cat*)—I don't know how this mistake occurred, but you can bet your life I don't monkey with women's raiment again!

THE MIXED PACKAGES, AND WHY STRICTMAN NOW MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS.